

Wichita Daily Eagle

AT A MAD REVEL.

Very Lively Scenes at a Fancy Costume Ball.

THE PRETTY GIRL IN SCARLET.

How She Traveled from One Box to Another—Dressed in a Tub of Ice Water. A High Kick in Tears—Peggy's Risky Adventure.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

HE was such a foolish little woman. Just so sure as she was warned against a naughty book she rested not until she had read it. Just so sure as she was told to keep away from a wicked French play she directly bought seats for the matinee. But after all Peggy was only human. Peggy's big, handsome athletic husband was a little to blame. He had been rather careless about his wife. He had perhaps made too much of a club of her. And he had taken her everywhere with him. Everywhere? Well—almost everywhere.

Together they had visited many curious and extraordinary places. Peggy's eyes had grown so big and her cheeks had turned so rosy at some things she saw that Tom had enjoyed looking at her. When they were in Paris they visited some of those brilliantly illuminated gardens where fun and frivolity dance hand in hand, and where Spanish and skirt dancing struck New York City, Tom and Peggy were among their first devotees. They had also explored the Bowery concert saloons and dime museums, and had even drifted into a notorious resort on Fourteenth street where Peggy saw brazen audacity personified.

So when Peggy asked Tom if he would take her to look on at one of the notorious costume balls for which New York has doubtful celebrity he thoughtlessly answered, "Why, yes, of course, though, to be sure," as if struck with a sudden thought, "you know, Peg, it's awfully

and aimed her into the box. The men crowded around, complimenting and admiring the girl as they would a handsome horse which had just won a notable race. More champagne was opened, and the scarlet beauty drank hers standing on the knee of the gambler, while the others emptied their glasses to the queen of the revel.

"Pretty tough, eh, Peg?" said Tom. Peg gave her husband's hand a little squeeze. In fact she was beginning to wish she hadn't come. "See there," cried Tom suddenly. Peggy looked down.

An immense ice cooler for wine had been brought into one of the boxes, and an excited knot of men and women surrounded it. Suddenly a young fellow with a baby face, and whose silk hat was tipped rakishly back from a soft, blonde bang, seized a girl in pink tulle skirts about the waist and deliberately seated her in the tub. Tom he picked up a chunk of ice and rubbed it over her bare neck and arms. The victim screamed, and a policeman entered and marched the youth with a bang out, while the bedraggled female, whimpering and moaning, was helped away by sympathizing friends.

PEGGY REMAINED IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

"That young man is the son of a millionaire," whispered Tom. "He ought to have his neck wrung."

"Say, rather," replied Peggy, "he should be spanked and sent in a closet. That lad isn't over it. Tom, I'm getting tired of this. It's worse than I thought."

Peggy had just caught sight of a scene that made the blood leap to her face. On the floor the high kicking and other antics of a girl in the black tulle skirts of a ballet dancer had elicited shouts of admiration from a crowd of men. Presently she broke from the circle and ran away. But she was not to escape so easily. She was again surrounded and besieged by a well dressed but half intoxicated mob. She grew wild with rage, stamped her feet in unavailing fury, and at last burst into a torrent of angry tears.

"Oh, Tom," said Peggy faintly, "let's go. I cannot stand this any longer."

Tom saw that his wife's courage was fast disappearing, and they hastily made their way through the lobbies filled with men, who stared impatiently at pretty Peg, past boxes and stairways, on whose scenes she did not even dare look, until they reached the outer lobby. Here, to his horror, Tom found he had forgotten his hat. Peggy was now on the verge of tears.

"Don't, dear," urged Tom wildly, as the crowd surged and jostled and ogled his wife. "Don't cry, Peg. I must go back for my hat."

"Oh, don't leave me!" moaned the poor little featherbrain, now thoroughly frightened. "Don't leave me, Tom! I shall die; I know I shall!"

"There, there," replied he soothingly. "Let me see. 'I can't take you back through this mob. Where shall I leave you? Ah! Capt. Jameson—the very man. Here, captain,' pushing desperately to the side of an officer—'captain, please take care of my wife. I was in a dreadful fright. Bring her here, and I've left my hat and must go back for it, she's crying and—'

With this lucid explanation he departed, and Peggy remained in the hands of the police. She was only conscious that she was gently but firmly lifted out of the struggling throng and placed behind a very broad and protecting back, where she covered abjectly and covertly wiped her tears away. The men who swaggered by tried to peep around to see Capt. Jameson, but they were finally lifted out of the struggling throng and placed behind a very broad and protecting back, where she covered abjectly and covertly wiped her tears away.

It seemed ages while Tom was gone—ages during which she saw a well dressed man strike a woman who appeared to be beseeching him to leave another woman, ages during which she saw two stalwart policemen carry off a woman in a drunken stupor; ages during which two men fought each other like tigers and were arrested.

At last Tom returned, and the captain handed Peggy over to him, saying as he gave her arm a reassuring little pat: "Take my wife, Mrs. Tom, and keep away from these balls in future. Good night."

ALICE VANE SMITH.

The Courtship Was Very Brief.

It is to be hoped that the old saw about marrying in haste to repent at leisure will not apply to the case of a clever young couple who joined their hands recently on short acquaintance. Robert H. Mitchell, a school teacher of St. Joseph, Mo., advertised for a wife. Miss Alice V. Cammer, of Pennsylvania, a guest of relatives at Clay City, Ind., answered. He lost no time in reaching Clay City, and Miss Cammer, young, handsome, and of excellent social standing. He had brought with him satisfactory references. A license was procured and the two were married at once.

A Nickel Each for Partners.

The nickel-in-the-slot machine is now a member of good society. It figured at a german given in an aristocratic Boston suburb the other night, where each male guest on discharging a five-cent piece in the usual manner, received a dainty roll of chocolate with the name of his lady partner inscribed on the wrapper.

A Convincing Appeal.

In a case on trial at Camden, N. J., the other day a Philadelphia woman was plaintiff in a suit to recover a wagon. The defendant's counsel made this brief argument: "Gentlemen of the jury, will you six Camden men permit a Philadelphian to come over here and skin a Jerseyman?" Verdict for defendant.

The Best Medicine.

Mr. Blake declared that dyspepsia is a disease of the legs rather than of the stomach, and for that he again prescribed walking.

WOMAN AND HOME.

SOME OF THE THINGS WHICH GO TO MAKE THE IDEAL HOME.

Women as Physicians—The Sleeping Room—Brooklyn Women—Economy in the Family—Treatment for Sprains. How Her Love for Reading Was Starved.

If one's home is fair and fine, with soft carpets, rugs, pictures, marbles, china, with gentle service, luxurious living, loving children, gracious wife, should all the blessings that these things give, even if one is the apparent source of them, himself, has gathered and secured them by close effort and self denial, he is to be pitied, for he is like the bone the dog gnaws and buries till he can come back to it? It is not privacy and seclusion that give a home its sacredness. Far from it. It is its happiness, its healthiness, its helpfulness, its capacity to do good, to impart to others, to be a blessing to the world into its own atmosphere.

These homes that are open to the homeless are the sacred ones; the homes where there is always a pillow for the weary, always a spare place at the table for the wanderer; the homes whose beauty is shed abroad like the gracious dew from heaven that Portia talked about. There may be many mansions in heaven, but he who thinks they are mansions for himself, every other heavenly habitation is excluded. It is a mistake in the place, it would not be heaven then.

However we may dispute and declare that a man has a right to be undisturbed in his own house, yet we know in our inner consciousness that we all regard the man who brings peace and quietude to his household as a cordial greeting for him there; who will not let the stranger find his welcome in an inn on the holiday when homes are dearest, who throws open his house to the parish, whose lights are always shining and inviting as you go by his windows, across whose doorstep guests are often coming and going; who loves his home so much and finds it so complete that he must have other people to love it, too, and if they have nothing half so choice, then share some brief portion of it with them—that man we all regard as a good citizen.

It is not a man's home, but a good citizen, that man we all regard as a good citizen. It is not a man's home, but a good citizen, that man we all regard as a good citizen.

Women as Physicians.

I do not hesitate to say, with due deference to the judgment of others, that in my opinion it is important to the well being of society that the study of medicine by Christian women should be cultivated and extended. The prejudice that allows women to enter the profession of nursing and excludes them from the profession of medicine cannot be too strongly censured, and its existence can be explained only by the force of habit.

It has been urged that women do not as a rule possess the intellectual powers of men, but their ability to pursue the usual medical studies has been sufficiently demonstrated, and it is admitted, even by those who concede to men a higher order of intellect and greater powers of reasoning, that what women may lack in that direction seems to be supplied by that logical instinct with which they have been endowed by God. It is evident also that if female nurses may with propriety attend to the sick, why should not female physicians make but a transient visit to the patient, while the nurse occupies the sick room day and night?

The attendance of female physicians upon women is often of inestimable value. Much serious and continued suffering is undergone by women, and many beginnings of grave illness are neglected because of the sense of delicacy which prevents them from submitting to the professional services of a male physician. There is also an infinite number of cases, known to all who have been concerned in charitable or reformatory work, in which no influence or assistance can be so effectual as that of a physician who is also a woman and a Christian.

The alleviation of suffering for women of all classes which would result from the presence among us of an adequate number of well trained female physicians cannot be too evident to all; but I wish to emphasize as strongly as possible the moral influence of such a body, than which there can be no more potent factor in the moral regeneration of society.—Cardinal Gibbons in Century.

The Sleeping Room.

Whatever your room is, and however it is furnished, be sure of one thing—that it is clean when you come to go to bed in it. Don't have dirty water standing in the wash basin or sink, or dirty clothes in the room, unless it is unavoidable, and then put them in the closet or a bureau drawer. Always, even in the coldest weather, open the window a crack. If you are liable to colds you can fence off a draught by hanging a shawl or extra blanket over a chair in front of the window. This is better than a folding screen, because it is not so large or high, and the air has freer ingress. These remarks may seem unnecessary, but I have known some very nice people—like Becher's Mrs. Prim—who were the reverse of nice in their own chambers.

Some folks sleep in dens—literally unadorned—where the windows are never opened and where the sun never comes. Yes, and about that same sun. Shall its light be allowed to wake the morning sleeper or shall the blinds be fast closed? This, as a rule, would depend on what hour you rise. If you get up at 5, it will be well enough to leave the windows unshaded, for the sun is a splendid alarm clock, only falling on rainy days. The majority of people, however, would prefer to close the blinds on retiring.—Edith Minner in Homeaker.

Brooklyn Women.

Brooklyn is, in a quiet way, the center of a pretty strong movement looking to the emancipation of women from various social conventions, yet hardly leading up to the ambitions of the so-called strong minded women. The Seid society, whose immediate object is the intelligent study and enjoyment of music, is extremely strong in Brooklyn, and one of its incidental objects is a marked sentiment against the convention that forbids young women to attend public entertainments at night without male escorts.

It is not generally known that the Pratt institute of Brooklyn, one of the great successes to the work of one unmarried woman, and that the Young Women's Christian association, of that city, is contemplating a really large undertaking for the improvement of the condition of shop women. Many of the active workers in such matters are impetuous young women, who are short haired neither in fact nor in deportment, but simply every day girls, to whom the wish and the opportunity have come of doing some other things than the most women duties that fill up the lives of most women.—New York Star.

A Pretty Girl's Kindly Act.

It was a crowded Detroit street car. At the corner of Duane street an infirm old lady signaled the driver to stop. Reluctantly he put on the brake and would have passed by had he half an excuse for so doing. The conductor rather roughly and

hurriedly helped the octogenarian into the car. When the knight of the punch called for her fare she felt in the corner of her mitten for a nickel. By the expression on her face everybody in the car knew the money was gone. Men immediately became intensely interested in newspapers and women were looking every way but at the embarrassed old lady, whose kind and good face evinced pain.

The conductor was about to speak when a bright schoolgirl, probably 14 years old, walked from the end of the car and laying five cent pieces in the conductor's dirty hand, said, "If my mother should ever be placed in the same position as this old lady I hope some one will be just enough to do what I am doing." The remark was a womanly one, and a Joan of Arc couldn't have said braver words. The blush of shame mantled the cheeks of every male in the car, and the most of them lived, or had occasion to get off, at the next crossing. The old lady did not thank the little woman verbally for her kindness, as her heart and eyes were too full to speak. She simply pressed the girl's hand and gave her a look of gratitude that spoke more forcibly than words ever could.—Cleveland Star.

Economy in a Family.

There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen or in the parlor. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, making it a fortune as he can in the counting room or in the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. A good and prudent husband makes a deposit of the fruits of his labor with his best friend, if it is to be kept in the bank, and he has no need to be concerned in the place of confidence in the companion of his bosom where he is to place it.—New York Ledger.

Mrs. Jerome's Sideboard.

Jerome's wife had wanted a sideboard for some time, and keeping in mind the encouraging motto of "all things come to him that waits," she had waited and waited, and as her faith in this good old saying has been much weakened by this waiting she finally decided to accept a substitute, and went to a furniture factory and bought the lower part of a soft wood bureau in the white. It had three drawers. The top one she had divided a la regulation sideboards and lined with canton flannel. Six antique brass drawer pulls were purchased, and a card and a cushion, which were transformed into the plebeian soft wood bureau into an antique oak sideboard.

Over this she put one of the hanging bookshelves which can be bought anywhere from fifty to seventy-five cents. It fastened with hooks to the wall, so was perfectly secure. This was finished with the same stain. Small brass hooks were put in front of one shelf to hang her pretty after dinner coffee cups on, and filled the shelves with odd and pretty things in china. One of her drawn work linen covers was laid on the top of the bureau, and glass and silver were placed on it, and were arranged on this you would never stop to think that this was a common bureau masquerading as a Louis XVI sideboard.—Good Housekeeping.

A Regular Allowance.

One method would be the granting to the wife of a stated sum of money monthly allowance for the household and other uses in proportion to the income of the husband. To the man who says, "But I cannot pay my wife like a servant," the answer must be, "Certainly not." She is a partner, and as such is entitled to a share in the income of the household. She may make the best use of such money as she should know what she is to expect each week. Undoubtedly the ideal remedy is perfect trust, confidence and a higher moral development for both men and women, but while mankind is moving steadily on to this, the better way is not to always going to the wall for the lack of a protecting hand.

No woman ought to marry without having some understanding with her future husband on this point. She need not take pencil and paper and make him set down the exact figures of his weekly allowance, but should let him thoroughly understand that she expects one. Any young girl should beware of the man who considers women irresponsible creatures; for, no matter how tender and considerate the husband may be, no enlightened human being is happy as a slave.—Alice E. Ives in Forum.

A Sponge Square.

A convenient receptacle for a sponge is made of a handkerchief in two colors, red and sage green, red and black, blue and white, or any other pretty combination. Alternate strips of the braids are interwoven in trellis fashion and finished at each of the edges with a loop. A square of thin rubber cloth, on which the "sponges" is written in gilt letters to indicate its use, is then neatly sewed to the square, leaving the inch or more of loops all around the square. To each corner a long piece of braid is attached, two of each corner or shall the blinds be fast closed? This, as a rule, would depend on what hour you rise. If you get up at 5, it will be well enough to leave the windows unshaded, for the sun is a splendid alarm clock, only falling on rainy days. The majority of people, however, would prefer to close the blinds on retiring.—Edith Minner in Homeaker.

Now You Know What Bique Is.

The word "bique" has been used so indiscriminately in the past that it is difficult to recall the exact requirements of such a soup. A bique, as its name implies, is an opaque white soup, and is made of shellfish cooked in white stock, with the addition of cream and a thickening of rice or flour. We cannot properly have a bique of anything but shellfish. The most famous soup of this kind is the one made of crayfish, the bique d'eglantaine of the French. Crayfish are regularly brought to our markets from as far west as Milwaukee, and from brooks in northern New York. American housekeepers, as a rule, however, do not like to use them, because they are rather unpleasantly suggestive when seen in a wriggling mass. If this prejudice is once overcome, remembering that they are nothing more than fresh water lobsters, you will learn to become fond of them in the soup.—Boston Globe.

Treatment for Sprains.

Sprains are among the most severe accidents to which we are liable. When a joint is sprained swelling comes on gradually. In dislocation the swelling and loss of motion of the joint happen immediately after the accident. A sprained limb should be kept perfectly at rest. Says a trained nurse: "To prevent inflammation, the part should be wrapped in warm flannel, hops or tansy. Every effort on the part of the patient to repeat in detail the cause of the accident, the sensations,

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book.....\$ 75
Three Books.....\$ 2.00
Six Books.....\$ 3.75
Single Book by mail, prepaid.....\$ 85

Address, THE WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kansas.

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

When ordering state WHAT form is wanted.

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

Main Office—112 South Fourth Avenue. Branch Office—183 North Main Street

Yards connected with all railroads in the city

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

experiences, etc., should be discouraged. Cheerful conversation upon other subjects and perfect rest will bring about speedy recovery and strengthen all concerned in the belief that it is not always necessary to send for the doctor.—Herald of Health.

How Her Love for Reading Was Starved.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, the successful Browning reader, led a romping outdoor life as a child, and it was not until she broke into a household scene, when she was about twelve years old, that she developed any facility in acquiring book knowledge. The perusal of a chapter in the Bible daily was imposed upon her as a penalty for her tomboy tendencies by her mother, and from this the girl gained the taste for reading, and love for literature which culminated in her choice of a profession. Her fondness for Browning was deepened by her acquaintance with the poet during one of her visits to England.—Harper's Bazar.

A Postage Stamp Basket.

A pretty little accessory to the writing desk is a miniature waste basket. Of thread No. 40, or thereabouts, crochet a solid bottom. Crochet it round and round in single crochet until its diameter is 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 inches.

Then crochet the sides shell stitch. Make it gently flaring like a pencil basket, and of a height to correspond with the bottom. With gold or silver paint go over the whole carefully, taking special pains to preserve the work effect.

It is quite a dainty little affair, and useful to hold small scraps of postage stamps.—Youth's Companion.

Washington's Woman Blacksmith.

Mrs. Catherine Banville, of Washington, has, since the death of her husband over five years ago, carried on his business of horseshoeing, and is thus supporting and educating her four little boys. Mrs. Banville is said to be thoroughly practical woman and pays her employees union prices. She has done work for some of the finest stables in Washington, including that of Senator Leland Stanford; and the sergeant-at-arms, Capt. Valentine, awarded her the honor of this class of work for the United States senate.—Woman's Journal.

TRAINER JAMES ROWE.

Once a Stable Boy, Now Clifton "Starter," and Worth \$150,000.

One of the best known trainers of running horses in America is James Rowe, who is now officiating as starter at Clifton. In 1888 Rowe commenced his turf career as stable boy for Col. McDaniels. He displayed unusual talent as a horseman, and was soon winning laurels as a jockey. He rode Harry Bassett to victory in his great race with Longfellow at Saratoga. In 1882 Rowe joined the Dwyer Bros., and did much toward pushing their horses toward the front. Miss Woodford, Hindoo, Runnymede, Luke Blackburn and other flyers were developed by him.

For three years past he has been doing good work for the Belmont stables. He considers Luke Blackburn the best horse he ever trained. Rowe's turf career has been quite remunerative, for the stable boy of 1888 is said to be a capitalist, worth \$150,000 in 1891.

AN EASY WAY OUT

Of your difficulties, if you are a sufferer from contagious blood poison, or any of the results of an unsanitary treatment of that disease, such as follow mercurial and potash poisoning is to take Swift's Specific.

You will not only find relief, but a permanent cure. In thousands of cases that have stubbornly resisted all other treatment, it has been found effectual. This great remedy not only makes short work of blood poisoning, but drives out all traces of mercurial or potash poisoning. It is a purely vegetable remedy, compounded of nature's most active agents, and it has been known as a Specific for blood poisoning for fifty years. But the easiest way out of such difficulties is to promptly begin the use of

Mr. George Stewart, of Shelby, Ohio, writes: "As soon as I discovered I was afflicted with the disease I commenced taking

and in a few weeks I was permanently cured."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases Mailed Free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book.....\$ 75
Three Books.....\$ 2.00
Six Books.....\$ 3.75
Single Book by mail, prepaid.....\$ 85

Address, THE WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kansas.

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

When ordering state WHAT form is wanted.

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

AND ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL.

Main Office—112 South Fourth Avenue. Branch Office—183 North Main Street

Yards connected with all railroads in the city

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK MFRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

experiences, etc., should be discouraged. Cheerful conversation upon other subjects and perfect rest will bring about speedy recovery and strengthen all concerned in the belief that it is not always necessary to send for the doctor.—Herald of Health.

How Her Love for Reading Was Starved.

Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, the successful Browning reader, led a romping outdoor life as a child, and it was not until she broke into a household scene, when she was about twelve years old, that she developed any facility in acquiring book knowledge. The perusal of a chapter in the Bible daily was imposed upon her as a penalty for her tomboy tendencies by her mother, and from this the girl gained the taste for reading, and love for literature which culminated in her choice of a profession. Her fondness for Browning was deepened by her acquaintance with the poet during one of her visits to England.—Harper's Bazar.

A Postage Stamp Basket.

A pretty little accessory to the writing desk is a miniature waste basket. Of thread No. 40, or thereabouts, crochet a solid bottom. Crochet it round and round in single crochet until its diameter is 1 1/2 or 1 3/4 inches.

Then crochet the sides shell stitch. Make it gently flaring like a pencil basket, and of a height to correspond with the bottom. With gold or silver paint go over the whole carefully, taking special pains to preserve the work effect.

It is quite a dainty little affair, and useful to hold small scraps of postage stamps.—Youth's Companion.

Washington's Woman Blacksmith.

Mrs. Catherine Banville, of Washington, has, since the death of her husband over five years ago, carried on his business of horseshoeing, and is thus supporting and educating her four little boys. Mrs. Banville is said to be thoroughly practical woman and pays her employees union prices. She has done work for some of the finest stables in Washington, including that of Senator Leland Stanford; and the sergeant-at-arms, Capt. Valentine, awarded her the honor of this class of work for the United States senate.—Woman's Journal.

TRAINER JAMES ROWE.

Once a Stable Boy, Now Clifton "Starter," and Worth \$150,000.

One of the best known trainers of running horses in America is James Rowe, who is now officiating as starter at Clifton. In 1888 Rowe commenced his turf career as stable boy for Col. McDaniels. He displayed unusual talent as a horseman, and was soon winning laurels as a jockey. He rode Harry Bassett to victory in his great race with Longfellow at Saratoga. In 1882 Rowe joined the Dwyer Bros., and did much toward pushing their horses toward the front. Miss Woodford, Hindoo, Runnymede, Luke Blackburn and other flyers were developed by him.

For three years past he has been doing good work for the Belmont stables. He considers Luke Blackburn the best horse he ever trained. Rowe's turf career has been quite remunerative, for the stable boy of 1888 is said to be a capitalist, worth \$150,000 in 1891.

AN EASY WAY OUT

Of your difficulties, if you are a sufferer from contagious blood poison, or any of the results of an unsanitary treatment of that disease, such as follow mercurial and potash poisoning is to take Swift's Specific.

You will not only find relief, but a permanent cure. In thousands of cases that have stubbornly resisted all other treatment, it has been found effectual. This great remedy not only makes short work of blood poisoning, but drives out all traces of mercurial or potash poisoning. It is a purely vegetable remedy, compounded of nature's most active agents, and it has been known as a Specific for blood poisoning for fifty years. But the easiest way out of such difficulties is to promptly begin the use of

Mr. George Stewart, of Shelby, Ohio, writes: "As soon as I discovered I was afflicted with the disease I commenced taking

and in a few weeks I was permanently cured."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases Mailed Free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book.....\$ 75
Three Books.....\$ 2.00
Six Books.....\$ 3.75
Single Book by mail, prepaid.....\$ 85

Address, THE WICHITA EAGLE, Wichita, Kansas.

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

When ordering state WHAT form is wanted.

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Anthracite and Bituminous Coal